

Road Test

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Summary: Some detours take you further than others. (Changing Channels style fic)

Road Test

****Alternate Postings: AO3, Livejournal****

>RatingContent: ** PG, crack, references to Supernatural episodes (5.08, 5.19, 6.15), commercial crossover sort of.

>Word Count: 650

>Disclaimer: I do not own and did not originate this world and its inherent characters. I also do not own a Jeep Cherokee but I am sure they are fine and versatile vehicles.

>Notes: Written for ****spn_bigpretzel****'s D.E.W. challenge: Put Sam and Dean into a TV show/movie/advert of your choice. I picked this commercial, which I don't even know if it gets shown in the US, but let's pretend, m'kay? Set at some point after 6.15, at some time when Sam and Dean are back in the Impala and working cases together peaceably.

****Summary:**** Some detours take you further than others.

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****Road Test****

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"Detour ahead." Dean grimaced at the barricade across the street.
"Does this cross street get us a back access to the abandoned brewery or are we gonna have to go around the block?"

Pulling out his phone, Sam thumbed his way through the case data about the disappearances at the abandoned brewery. "I didn't see any

warnings about planned street closures. This close to Shaker's Bar maybe it's related to the brewery case."

"I doubt it Sam. Shaker's is about as haunted as my ass. Besides, Milwaukee has three seasons; winter, almost winter and road construct-" Dean slammed on the brakes halfway through the turn.

Alarmed, Sam looked up from his phone. "What the-?"

Snow fell on the wintery road before them, heaping gently into picturesque snowbanks, small boulders and shrubs dusted with a sheen of white lined the sidewalks.

Sam glanced down at the date on his phone. Nope. Still June. Something about this looked familiar though, and not quite like Milwaukee.

"This detour going through Santa's Workshop?" Dean gritted.

"No, no, wait, this..." Sam stuck his head out the window and craned his neck, looking past the snow bank ahead to see bigger rocks and a small creek flowing along the city street. Something moved in the distance. "Uh. There's a creek ahead. And wolves."

"Wolves?"

"Wolves." _...Oh right. Crap._ Sam slid back inside the car.
"Dean..."

Dean laughed and slapped Sam on the arm, then pointed to where a camera crew and some pedestrian with cellphones out were half-hidden by the landscaping. "It's fine, Sam! We're getting Punk'd!"

"Dean..."

"No way I'm driving Baby through that mess just for giggles though." He scanned the surreptitious crowd, grinning. "Think they'll let us meet Ashton Kutcher anyway?"

Sam cleared his throat. "Dean, we're getting punked, but not by Ashton Kutcher. We aren't in Milwaukee anymore."

Dean side-eyed Sam. "It's definitely not Oz."

"Nooo. Probably Vancouver." Sam pointed at sign over a cross street that read West Cordova.

"Not that other universe where we're all actors again?" Dean's hands tightened on the steering wheel. "Nearly everyone got killed there. The guy who played Castiel is dead! Why the hell would they still be making that show about us!"

"No, not that either. You haven't been to a movie theater in the past few years, have you?"

Dean turned an incredulous eyebrow in Sam's direction. "_When?_ And when have _you?_"

"Never mind. Okay. So. Anyway. There's ads theaters run in front of the movie, and they always play this one where people are test driving some kind of SUV, Jeep I think. They make a detour and the road's all done up like, well-" Sam gestured at the wintry world outside. "Like that."

"So they're filming a commercial?"

"No, they filmed it already. We're just... in it. Remember that thing a while back with Gabriel? Sitcoms, CSI, Dr. Sexy?"

Dean looked at Sam, looked at the snowy hillocks, and then looked at the film crews and pedestrians who were watching the Impala and looking less entertained and more murderous by the second.

"Son of a bitch."

"So yeah. Punked."

"But Gabriel's-"

"Doesn't seem to matter." Sam said with a shrug. "Could be a copycat trickster. Might even be related to our case if this is a trickster holed up in the brewery, sending other people into TV land."

Dean swore. "Great. Fantastic. So, how do we get out of this crap again?"

Sam scanned the increasingly hostile crowd behind the cameras of varying kinds. "Last time, we had to 'play our roles.'"

Clenching his jaw, Dean glared out the windshield. "And here that would be?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

Inclining his head toward the snowy landscape outside, Sam said, "Take a test drive."

Somewhere down the block a wolf howled.

Dean snarled. "I swear, if my gas tank gets dented, or I crack an axle, or if there is so much as a scratch on my car from this, I am taking it out of Gabriel's hide. Wherever he is."

"It might not be Gabriel, Dean. I did say it could be a copycat-"

"I don't care, Sam," Dean snapped. "It was Gabriel's idea in the first place. He'll still pay."

Sam smirked. "Hey, look on the bright side. At least it isn't a Viagra commercial."

Dean glared at Sam, then shifted the Impala into low gear and began the drive through the unnatural landscaping.

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>(that's it)<p>

Post Notes:

Metallicar can handle it. Also, Shaker's Bar Ghost Tours, Milwaukee is a real place, and I'm sure their ghosts think Dean's not real either.

Also also, I have not watched past early Season 9 for Supernatural yet despite my best intentions, so if you could please avoid mentioning any significant developments in Supernatural past the end of Season 8 in comments, I'd really appreciate it! :-)

End
file.